

"I asked Mr. Maginnis if he always ate his quinine with a knife, and he said, 'Yes, thank goodness, he wasn't no dude.'"



"W HERE have I been?" said the Chorus Girl. "Well, if you had the cold I had you would not have cared if San Francisco was quaked or not. I've taken so much quinine that all life tastes bitter to me, and my nose is red and I know it's red and you needn't say it ain't!"

"These little looks of powder patches are the handiest things, only a lady flashes one she's just got to powder her nose in public with a bit out of it, for if she goes off in a quiet corner to improve her complexion nothing can convince the muck-rakers but what it's a booklet of rice paper and that the lady with it rolls her own cigarettes."

"Why don't the powder paper makers take the tip and make these complexion booklets look like something else?"

"I got through the winter all right without a shuffie, but the gentle springtime certainly handed me a lemon in the way of concentrated epizootic."

"Oh, everybody was kind to me. If you are sick or worthless everybody forgives you and hands you out comfort and all their old prescriptions. Mr. Maginnis came in with a bottle of powdered quinine and a knife, and said he'd fix me up in no time."

"Out in Marietta, O., which is a community of the common people and few are wealthy enough to have appendicitis or nervous prostration, the local population sticks to its old-fashioned chills and fever."

"You ask anybody that dwells on the banks of the muddy Muskingum and they'll tell you that malaria is there unknown. So it is. Old-fashioned chills and fever is good enough for them. They take quinine like

breakfast food, as much as will cover the blade of a penknife, and they all carry big Barlows."

"Out in Marietta they hold that patent medicines are all right as beverages to treat the company with, if it is a moral and temperate household, as most of them are."

"But patent medicine drinking is a social function pure and simple. When they are sick out Marietta

way they take quinine and they like to eat it dry like a condition powder, and off the blade of a knife. They eat it off the blade of a knife so's to fool themselves that it is ple-

"I asked Mr. Maginnis if he always ate his quinine with a knife, and he said, 'Yes, thank you!' Goodness, he wasn't no dude! And, anyway, it made him shudder to see how reckless New Yorkers were, jab-

bing prong forks into their mouths. "Every time he seen it done, he said, he shut his eyes for fear the fork-tears were going to stick holes in themselves."

"Harry Trimmers turned up the second day I made up my mind to quit taking medicine and get well. He has an automobile that he seized somewhere for debt. I think it's a road-roller rebuilt, only it makes

more noise. I don't know how much was owed Harry Trimmers when he seized the machine, but if it was over \$7 Harry got the worst end of it."

"It is one of them old-style ones with a placket in the back. You unbutton the placket and step in behind like getting into a hearse."

"Say, I don't know who's the king-pin tightwad, Harry Trimmers or Mr. Maginnis, but I think Mr. Maginnis is only the champion by default. If Harry wanted to compete with him it would be a contest worth waiting for."

"Harry said he'd take us up to the ball grounds to see the Highlanders play if we wouldn't expect him to pay our admission, because he had a note to meet and was a little short. If he has any note to meet

he's safe in that automobile, unless the note is coming toward him."

"Say, that old machine coughed so that you would have sworn it was in the last stage of tuberculosis. It had the heaves, it had the blind staggers, it was foundered, it was spavined, it had the stringhalt; but Harry Trimmers was as pleased as if it was a pink Panhard."

"It had an aroma about it like a fumigating apparatus working over-

time for the sanitary squad. I say it had the aroma about it, because it never went fast enough to get away from it."

"I had such a cold for a week that I had trained myself to breathe through my ears, and as for Mr. Maginnis, he was smoking a stogie and didn't mind."

"Besides, with the death-throe efforts of that machine to make four miles an hour the paint and varnish was all rubbed off it. Harry Trimmers said he had an arrangement to keep it in a stable where there was a lot of mules, and as it was close quarters, the mules coming in and out side-wiped it and rubbed the paint off it. However, he said, he was going to whitewash it in a pearl-gray tint that wouldn't show the dust."

"That machine never went fast enough to show the dust under any circumstances, and if it'd been in a hurry I'd a got out and walked."

"Well, we got to the ball grounds at last, because we were going in a different direction to which the earth was moving, and as our wheels turned round the earth slipped from under us slow but sure."

"Arriving at the gate, Harry Trimmers said he'd have to stay outside and wait for us, as some miscreant might steal the machine. I don't believe anybody hates Harry Trimmers that bad, unpopular as he is. But let him have his rave. Mr. Maginnis said the 25-cent seats on the field stand was good enough for him."

"We were too fatigued to fuss with him about it. Anyway, we was afraid if he went on the grand stand with us we'd meet somebody we knew, and poor Puss Montgomery has been embarrassed often enough by having to explain that he's her husband."

"We rejoiced to see a hot liner hit Mr. Maginnis in the first half of the second inning and in the second half of his \$3 false teeth."

"Then we slipped out with the crowd and came down on the Subway, leaving Mr. Maginnis to come back on the road roller with Harry Trimmers. As he hasn't shown up yet, Puss has bought a green veil and is posing as a grass widow."

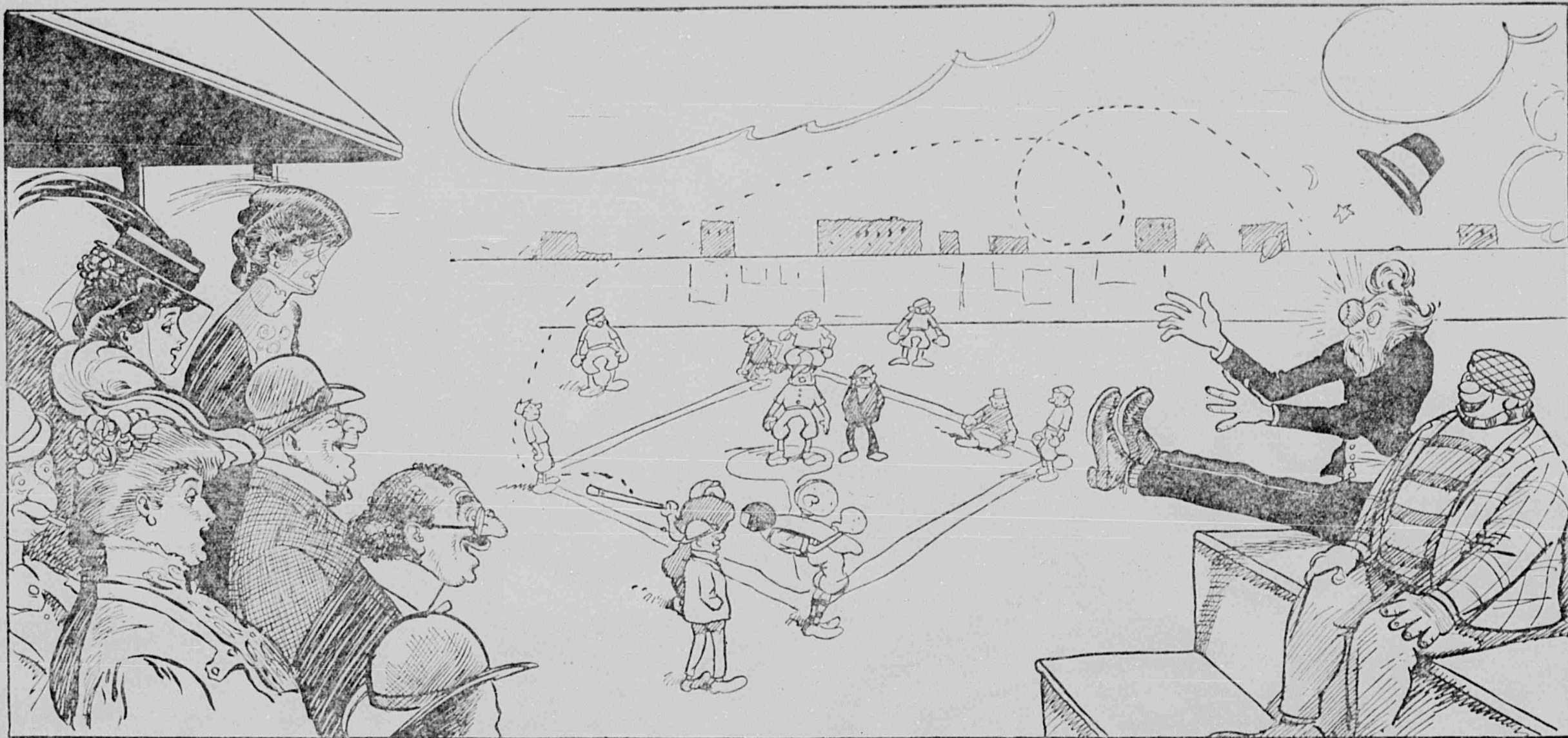
"But say, she won't be able to lose him. She was born on Friday. Every time I think of how Mr. Maginnis sounded the riot call in the part of the face that got Gov. Hoch, of Kansas, a lot of press notices, I want to laugh, but I can't. I've cold sores. My lips are chapped."

"Who's the chap?"

"Get out, you!"

# THE CHORUS GIRL—By Roy L. McCardell

Illustrated by GENE CARR.



"We rejoiced to see a hot liner hit Mr. Maginnis in the first half of the second inning and in the second half of his \$3 false teeth."

"A blocked ball cracked Mr. Maginnis in the part of the face that got Gov. Hoch, of Kansas, a lot of press notices."

## CLEVER THINGS I NEVER SAID.

By Lowe R. Case.



"They live in tents. When they want to move they simply fold those tents and become—"

"Folding Bed-ouins!" I suggested with a roar of silvery laughter in which (after an hour or two of pensive thought) the Silver King heartily joined.

John D., Jr., was prattling on me his next Sunday's address to the class. Having rambled along for some time in scintillating generalities he whipped the following startling original remark over my ear, flash into my face:

"Be temperate in all things, but bitch your wagon to a star!"

"If the Star is like most of those I've met," I wittily retorted, "I'm afraid he won't stand for its being a water wagon."

Honest Tom Platt and I were humorously rehearsing the case of a public man, good and great in every respect except that he WOULD STAY.

"And to think!" signed the integrity-halved statesman, "that I always looked on that snake in the grass as one of the pillars of society, while all the time he was only—"

"One of the caterpillars," I finished, with one of my rare and dazzling smiles.

Andy Hamilton and I were just returning from a jolly little insurance dinner given by Charlie Hughes in honor of his old friend's opportune return from Europe.

"Funny story the Bishop told tonight," commented Andy, "about the ancients offering up all their wealth to the Golden Calif. We've grown wiser since those days."

"Yes, indeed," I agreed rapturously. "We save it all now for an offering to the Yellow Dog!"

## LOVE'S HARDEST LESSON.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



ON another page of the paper to-day the prize contest designed to solve the perplexing query, "Can We Learn to Love?" goes merrily on.

Learning to love, in my opinion, is extremely difficult, but having accomplished this much, a still greater difficulty presents itself. This difficulty, to be sure, is not confined to romantic problems, but belongs equally to the various complications of business or home. I refer to the slowly learned philosophy that compels us to follow the rules of the game, whether it be of hearts or of millions, and wait for our turn to play.

Very often, in playing checkers, for instance, our alert eye scanning the board perceives some glorious advantage that would practically win the game for us—if it were only our move.

But it isn't, and our equally alert opponent perceives our potential plan of campaign and skips blithely out of danger.

But because the game of love has no such set rules as the game of checkers, the last and hardest thing for us to learn is to wait our turn.

"Jack hasn't written to me for a week!" "Tom hasn't given me a sign of his existence for three whole days. What shall I do?" wails the lovelorn maiden. And it is no easy matter to say to her:

"Do nothing. Wait. It's not your play." Or it may be easy enough to say to her: But when our own turn comes—ah! there's the rub!

So many dire, desperate things we must do at once occur to us that the course of masterly inaction and wisdom of the ages dictate is very seldom carried out. We are too prone to sacrifice the ultimate victory that waiting may bring about to the immediate advantage which soothes our harassed feelings, but allows the enemy to form an estimate of our resources.

The modern woman is so essentially active even in her personally conducted romances that she can seldom be convinced that doing nothing will achieve greater results than doing everything. She shows a deplorable tendency to "round up" a husband or sweetheart at the first indication on his part that he desires a longer leash than her apron string, whereas the polite thing to do is to give him all the rope he wants and let him see how he likes it.

No man will pursue a woman if she saves him the trouble. If he has reached the age where he prefers comfort to romance she may fancy he is grateful to her for showing her hand, but she will find it better policy in the long run to stay in the game and say nothing. A waiting game is the hardest game in the world to play. And very few of us learn to wait till there's nobody left for us to wait for. Mountaine we write them notes and send them over telephones, and put over their absences when we should appear serenely unconscious of them.

For such is woman.

Letters in the "Can We Learn to Love?" prize contest will be found on Page 6, this edition.

## HEART & HOME DEPARTMENT

Edited by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

### PARASOLS ARE NOW HAND PAINTED AND EMBROIDERED.



S ELDOM if ever have parasols been so lovely as at the present time. Two of the best liked novelties for use with all kinds of costumes, there are those of the daintiest linen and silk and embroidery on linen, lace, chiffon, and trimmings of many sorts are to be noted.

For the simpler linen costumes parasols with scalloped edges are exceedingly smart, the handles being of light-

colored wood, but for the gowns and suits of the dressier order, and indeed for use with all kinds of costumes, there are those of the daintiest linen and silk and embroidery on linen, lace, chiffon, and trimmings of many sorts are to be noted.

For the simpler linen costumes parasols with scalloped edges are exceedingly smart, the handles being of light-

The painted silks are lovely and fascinating in the extreme. The color is sometimes in white, but the decoration is sometimes in color. The handles are sometimes of wood, but the decoration is sometimes in color. The handles are sometimes of wood, but the decoration is sometimes in color.

Others again are shaped so as to give a suggestion of a woman's head. Many of the trimmed parasols are plain-colored silks with lace borders, with Persian borders and the like, while others show applique of lace both in borders and separate motifs. But, perhaps, the daintiest of all are made of thin white silk, embroidered in shaded tints.

Handles are all things from the exquisite to the grotesque. The parasols shown are from Folmer, Clegg & Co.

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## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Sulphur and Molasses.

K. F. M. - Fol-

low the

here given:

Give one

five cents

worth a

supper

precipitate

Put two

teaspoon

essentials

in the

bottom of

a glass

See that

there are

four six

teaspoon

fuls of

kyrup

molasses

on the

sulphur

Stir

thoroughly

one

just before

going to

bed for

three

days. Omit

for three

days. Repeat

and

leave a

scar.

Beauty for Children.

E. P. F. - Give your daughter plenty

of sunshine and exercise in the

open air. Now that pleasant

weather asserts itself insist on her

taking long walks and playing any

game that she seems fitted for. Give

her laxative and have her drink

plenty of water between meals. Don't

worry. The nervousness will be over-

come when vacation comes.

Superfluous Hair.

M. M. - Electrolysis will remove

the superfluous growth of hair

permanently if administered by

the right operator. It should not

leave a scar.

## HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Rhubarb Pie.

O NE cup stewed rhubarb, 1 cup mar-

ple sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour,

yolks of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon

extract. Beat thoroughly and bake with

one crust. Frost with two whites.

Lemon Pie.

O NE cup sugar and 1 large cooking

spoon of flour, mixed thoroughly.

Then add juice and grated rind of

1 large or 2 small lemons, 1 cup boiling

water, small piece butter and 1 whole

egg and yolks of 2 more. Stir all to-

gether and cook in double boiler (or

over hot water) until thick. Bake crust

first. Make a rich crust, prick with a

fork all over, every inch; bake a nice

brown, turn in the filling and cover

with meringue made of whites of eggs.

Fruit Cookies.

O NE cup chopped raisins, 1 cup but-

ter, 2 cups flour, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup

molasses, 3/4 cup sugar.

Bread Pudding.

O NE and one-half slices of bread, 1

plat of milk, 2 eggs, piece of but-

ter as large as English walnut.

Sugar to taste. Salt and a little nut-

meg.

Hot Chocolate Sauce for Pudding—

Boil 1 cup water and 1/2 cup sugar 3

minutes. Mix 3 teaspoonfuls grated choc-

olate and 1 teaspoon cornstarch with 2-3

cup of milk. Stir in with sugar and

water. Boil until it thickens a little.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

G UIMPES make

one of the most

essential

garments

of the little

girl's wardrobe

and are

always in

demand, inasmuch

as being constantly

worn they const-

antly need replenish-

ing. Here are two very

charming and at-

tractive little mod-

els that are abso-

lutely simple at the